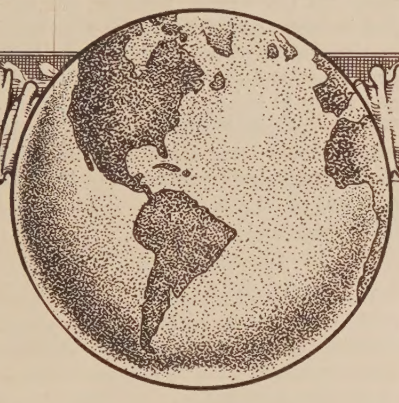
The Universalist Leader

A Journal of Tomorrow

Boston and Chicago

August 19, 1922



The Dream

It is the deed that lacks,
Nor quite fulfils
The beauty of the dream.
Dawn's promise writ in gold
Upon the hills,
At evening half-performed;
Impatient hopes of youth
Unreconciled through all the longing years;
God visible to the pure heart,
Yet awkward hands
Shape crudely the reluctant clay,
Or blot the canvas,
Or dischord the keys;
Visions that leap
Where feet can never tread;
Some higher heaven calling me
Unto some vaster good
Than I shall ever see;
The task too great,
The deed falls short—
Yet still have I the dream,
Ah, God, the dream!

Hugh Robert Orr.

Universalism, the Inevitable Religion of Tomorrow

The Universalist Leader

Continuing the CHRISTIAN LEADER and its predecessors (1819-1897), the UNIVERSALIST and its predecessors (1827 to 1897), and the GOSPEL BANNER (1835 to 1897).

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Μιγμα

The tariff is an old story to the male voter. He seems to have reached a stage of grumbling hopelessness as to ever being able to do anything about it but pay, pay, pay. To the woman, however, the subject is fresh and interesting as a personal matter affecting her ability to make both ends meet, and she is giving real thought and study to the news from Washington. We can ask nothing better than that the voters should learn for themselves what the proposed tariff will mean in the way of increased cost of living. (*Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt.*)

υ λ

We have heard a good deal of the revolt of the young intellectuals in China against Christianity because Christianity as exemplified by the West is "a religion of bloodshed" and exploitation. A different but equally significant reaction to Christianity as the religion of the West was manifest in the recent session of the National Christian Council at Shanghai. This body, representing 375,000 Protestant communicants, was dominated by Chinese. While appreciative of missionary effort it was determined on self-government. It rejected the attempt to import into it the American struggle over "fundamentalism" —that is, extreme evangelical conservatism—and in particular declared against the perpetuation of Western denominations in China. (*The Nation.*)

υ λ

The Dean of St. Paul's preached recently the most striking sermon that has come from any distinguished divine, so far as we know, since the beginning of the war. "There came to us," he pointed out, "the golden chance to set up the most memorable of historic contrasts between Germany's use of power over Belgium and ours over Germany. To kill down the last trace of militarist sentiment in Germany our terms of peace ought to have approached the astonishing clemency of 'Go, and sin no more.' We might have founded a new Europe almost as much nobler than the pre-war Europe of venomous hatreds crawling in the dark as the New Testament is nobler than the Old. Of course it would have been a risk, as all timorous wiseacres would instantly have said, or screamed. But everything you do is a risk, and so is everything you leave undone. Three years have been enough to show us that it was a risk to try to be more Prussian than Prussia in an hour of victory. All policy is a choice among risks; you may as well run the honorable as the shabby one." (*Manchester Guardian.*)

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THE Universalist Leader

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ESSENTIAL PRINCIPLES OF THE UNIVERSALIST FAITH

1. The Universal Fatherhood of God.
2. The Spiritual Authority and leadership of His Son, Jesus Christ.
3. The trustworthiness of the Bible as containing a revelation from God.
4. The certainty of just retribution for sin.
5. The final harmony of all souls with God.

Neither this nor any other precise form of words is required as a condition of fellowship, provided the above principles be professed.

Editorial

The landlord is the effusive friend of those who pay.

* *

Cornered pleasures are sure to be lost in the corner.

* *

The Church that thinks in larger figures will do through larger service.

* *

While we are entertaining debt, misery is on the way to make us a long visit.

* *

The great may differ from the mob, but all differing from the mob are not great.

* *

A good prayer for the minister as he enters the pulpit: "O Lord, what am I here for?"

* *

The future is there before us, but it is strange how many who wait for it get there first.

* *

Instead of hunting excuses for being unhappy try finding a few of the reasons you have to be happy.

* *

When you would cast a slur on ministers' sons just spend a few hours in the study of "Who's Who."

* *

When we are all intellectually, theologically and morally honest the chances are that we shall find some fundamentals upon which we can rest with comfort.

* *

Just remember that there were never twelve more diverse men grouped together for a great mission than the twelve original apostles. Yet they were selected by the Master.

* *

A million and a quarter for a new church, that is the story of a Baptist church in New York City; and immediately up went the protest from those who do not go to church, "Why was not this money saved and given to the poor?" But read on, and learn that this church contributes $275,000 a year in benevolence, and is but adding to its efficiency in the new plant.

* *

Not Benevolence but Brotherhood

That was the startling phrase of a social worker before an audience of Christians. And yet why should it be startling to Christians? It is the heart and soul of their faith, but these long centuries of Christian teaching have failed to bring understanding. Churches put into their annual reports so much for benevolences, instead of so much for brotherhood. It shows that we do not realize the meaning of the words: benevolence means from one to another; brotherhood means together. In the progress of Christian development benevolences have their place, and will have for a long time, but when at last our Christianity is translated into brotherhood our doing will be sharing and the Golden Rule of Christ will be the practical rule of life.

The Crumbs of Dives

Probably Lazarus, as he gathered with care the crumbs falling from the rich man's table, thought they were better than nothing, and until his hunger was partly satisfied he had better do no more thinking lest he get thrown out. But he did, and he has been thinking ever since. And Dives has been doing a little thinking, too! The religion of Christ is wonderful in its ministry of consolation and comfort and contentment, but it is being discovered that it is the most disturbing element in human relations when it is really believed and taken seriously. It was not long ago that there were many who sincerely thought that it was God who set His children in classes, placing Dives at the head of the feast and Lazarus down underneath to scratch for the crumbs, but we are getting more Christian, and learning that, while His children may be set to different tasks and different pleasures, they are all His children and equal in His sight and affection. This does not mean that Lazarus and Dives are but to change places, which would not help matters in the least, but a little more temperance for the man at the table and a little less starvation for the fellow underneath will help the visualizing and realizing of the kingdom of heaven on earth.

The Note to Strike

At one of the more recent "Retreats" at the Wayside Inn where the visiting ministers were of necessity crowded closely together, it was the good fortune of one of the younger men to room with the "Father Superior," Dr. John Coleman Adams. It was impossible to be with that fruitful mind without gathering some fruit of value, and in the waking hours the young man heard "St. John" say: "I wonder why some of us older men do not impress upon the younger men the joy of the ministry. Too often the appeal to

enter the ministry has had in it the note of sacrifice. I feel ashamed to have that note struck so much; it ought to be the note of joy." Here was a man ripe in years and rich in experience sounding the note of confidence and joy and victory for the minister. He had won his victories and suffered his defeats, but neither could divert him from the joy of the Christian ministry. Its compensations were not to be figured in material gains, but in the supreme joy of Christly service. Without riches, he lived in wealth; from perennial fountains he drew happiness inexhaustible and poured it without restriction into craving hearts. There is nothing so joy-breeding as the ministry; while others strive for a lifetime to get something with which to do, the minister is doing all along the way.

As Far as We Have Gone

If churches when outlining their creed would say, with their pronouncement, "This is as far as we have gone," much of the reaction against creeds, and any creed in particular, would be removed, for the creed would not only mark the steps of our progress, it would help progress. But when the maker of a creed, whether church or man, says, "This is as far as we are going," and ties up the ages to the stake where the stop was made, there is the beginning of all the creedal and sectarian evils which beset the world. It is wholesome and honorable to tell plainly where we are at, why we are there and how we got there. But to insist that we are going to stay right there, and tie all others to that post, is presumptuous and pernicious. The dam in the river marks and makes the goal of its achievement; but it is not the end of the river's progress. That stream is going over or under or through or around that dam and on to other achievements, and along the way there will be other dams marking its progress as they harness it for new and larger achievements, the river saying at each stop, "This is as far as I have gone," but never, "as far as I am going."

* *

WHY NOT TELL THE TRUTH?

SUCH very good men they are; to all intents and purposes they are seeking the good of humanity, at any rate they so profess; they are finding their incentive in high and holy ideals and assume they are almost divine!

But as a matter of fact they are almost satanic, and resort to the most satanic methods to secure their object. The earnest revivalist will violate good taste and decency and even the truth in his effort to get a soul into heaven! He justifies himself in the so-called good he seeks. He counts it to his credit if he can lie a soul into the heaven which itself is a deception.

The lazy and spineless who profess that it will do so much for humanity if we can but clear out seventy-five per cent of the existing churches, tell us that the millions of people who are now outside of all churches will come into the one, which is absolutely not true, and they know it is not true, but they are naturally knockers instead of boosters, they are naturally destroyers and not builders. It is so much easier to scrap two churches than it is to build one. And the process doesn't cost them a single cent! Now let us have the truth. It may be better to make some combinations in the interest not of economy but of efficiency, but let us not be swept off our feet by the non-informed professional wreckers.

There appears in the extremely respectable and once religious *Independent* a writer who is shrieking over the smashing of the Constitution by the eighteenth Amendment. He tells of the millions of people who are losing all respect for the Constitution, and the millions of homes in which "home brew" is being brewed—which is nothing short of plain unvarnished lying. The truth is bad enough, so what is the use of lying? We know that booze is being made in many places. Some make it as a stunt, some make it to drink, and some to sell. Too much of it is being made, and the time is coming when the law will be enforced, when some of the smart Alecs are dead! But why not tell the truth? That there are no more open saloons with their glittering temptation to allure the youth. No more corner bar rooms absorbing all the earnings of labor. No more do we meet numbers of reeling, drunken and dangerous men on our principal streets. No more do we find hunger and nakedness in the homes of the poor, where once there was nothing else. And the operation of the law has hardly begun. When presumably decent people get over trying to beat the law by being smart, when the present supply of liquor is exhausted or destroyed, and when Uncle Sam is boss wherever the flag flies, whether inside or outside the three-mile limit, we shall not only have a decent country of our own to live in, but we shall lead the way for others to follow.

Meanwhile, you "holier than thou" people, tell the truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God!

* *

IT SHOULD BE UNDERSTOOD

THAT the *Universalist Leader* is a Universalist paper devoted to the cause of Universalism. And it should be understood that nothing can be more inclusive than the Universal. But there is a fitness of things, and there is a law of proportion which must be observed. We are impressed with the fact that a number of our ministers are sorely lacking in their sense of proportion. They run across some new notion or get linked up with some new religious or health idea, and immediately write it up with the suggestion that we scrap the Universalist Church and substitute for it this "larger and better" system. Almost immediately they propose that a new organization be formed, taking over all that is good of the old, and by implication it appears that they are willing to manage the new enterprise!

Now it should be understood that the Universalist Church is young and still growing, that it is open-minded to all truth and eager to give it a try-out. But naturally it is loath to be crowded off the map! It is illogical that a part, however important, should be greater than the whole, or presume to supplant the whole.

There have been instances where a minister, using the equipment of the Universalist Church, has gone into partnership with some new or old development of religion, and, even before he has had time to try it out, he has come to the Universalist Church with his ultimatum that unless the denomination moves over

to his claim and begins mining the good gold he knows is there, he will leave and take his church with him. He can not see that his notion is but a small part of the great whole, and that other people have other notions which are just as sacred to them and in which they believe with their whole heart. It is astonishing how narrow "liberal" folk may become! They seem very often to be able to see but one thing at a time. And then mostly they are variable and take up one thing after another, they lack an inclusive grasp. They fail to see how a really great Church affords opportunity for variety of service. As long as a man is doing good service in his own line and in his own way he has a place along with others who are doing good service in their way. But so often it appears that the reformer courts martyrdom far more than he courts real service in the establishment of truth.

It should be understand that the Universalist Church is big enough and broad enough to entertain all truth known to be true, and even to be willing to experiment in moderation with half truths. But in the course of the centuries there have been multitudes of reformers, who in most cases have taken some vitalized truth of Jesus and specialized on it and put it forth as something new. The Universalist Church is the field of opportunity, and the *Universalist Leader* is willing to give, within certain unavoidable limits, a hearing to all sorts and conditions of men and ideas. We want everybody who has a good seed to plant it under favorable conditions in our garden, but don't pull down the fences and root up all our perennials!

* *

EASY MARKS

IT is with regret that we apply a slang phrase to some of our churches, but we do it because there is none other so expressive of the truth, which we should have the nerve to face.

The church is established and equipped for service, that is its only excuse or reason for being. But that does not mean abuse. And yet no institution suffers greater; abuse it is an easy mark for about every interest, related or unrelated. Even the National Government, which does for the church no more than furnish a free field for its activities—which, by the way, is all that is asked—in any emergency turns to the church as the door to the best class of citizens, but in the narrower fields of social and individual life, the great Christian Church is commandeered to serve vain and selfish purposes.

There was a man, and also a woman, who wanted to get married; and they made all arrangements for clothes and flowers and carriages and supper and dance and guests and music and a glorious wedding journey, and they laid by in store the tidy sum of seven hundred and fifty dollars, and great was their joy, when suddenly it occurred to one, as a mere incident, but still necessary in the present stage of social development, that they needed a church, as the home was not large enough to accommodate the expected guests, and they needed a minister to make the ceremony legal and sacred. Now neither of them was connected with any church, though the parents of both had once gone to church somewhere, but a church could be found and a couple of dollars to the janitor would secure the opening, and a five dollar bill would reward the minister. And so they went forward with their plans and fixed the date without consulting the minister, and when the time drew near they called him on the telephone and announced to him that they were to be married in his church on the following Thursday evening, and would he put the church in order and secure an organist and see that everything was ready, for there would be a very large attendance. The minister was a real human man, possessed of both wit and wisdom, and he replied that he would be very happy to accommodate them, but the church building was occupied that evening by an organ concert, and he himself was to be out of town on important business, and therefore they would be obliged to select another date. The couple replied that that was impossible, for the invitations were already issued. Then, said the parson, you will have to find another church and another minister. But the couple responded: We can not, because the invitations are out inviting to your church.

Then did the minister rise up in wrath and tell the bull-headed youngsters to come to his study, for he had that he would say to them face to face. And they came, and the parson stood before them and questioned them as to when and where they attended church; what they ever did in support of any church; why they expected that this mighty institution with all its equipment and helpers was to be at their service on demand; why they should expect the Christian Church to hand a marriage ceremony over the counter for seven dollars, and no questions asked! Well, the young people pleaded with the minister to postpone the concert, and his own journey; but he with a cold heart said: Why should we? What have you ever done in or for the church? You are like many, many people who think the church is lying around here just to accommodate them when they need it, and that they are doing a favor in making use of it and paying a foolish fee. I want you to run home and think this thing over, and when you make arrangements for such an occasion do not leave out the most important factor; do not think you can play this biggest thing on earth as an easy mark.

The couple went home and found a minister to marry them in the home, but "a perfect day" was ruined! The minister may have been right or wrong; that is not the question. The situation illustrates the attitude of many very good but thoughtless people who have no worthy measurement of the church as a factor in life. The Church of God is so often made putty in the hands of various fraternal orders which use it for their own aggrandizement; they are willing to come to the church which they forget all the rest of the year, for a memorial service which is to exalt the order, or for the funeral of a distinguished member. When any real benevolence is to be put over the church is used, and in these later days any social or civic need is to be met through the patronage of the church.

All these things are right and good in their right proportion, but in relation to the church we have somewhere lost the balance, and the church is suffering in being the easy mark of almost every activity, when primarily it is the one activity functioning for human good.

New Thought and the New Psychology

The Rev. L. O. Williams

IF we identify New Thought with the New Psychology and the New Psychology with the Science of Behavior, we have a body of teaching concrete enough to keep us out of the air, and close enough to human nature to hold us within reach of average observation and intelligence. We have at least a point of departure and a line of approach which most men can understand even though they differ in the conclusions found.

The Old Psychology was a science of consciousness. Experimental, empirical, laboratory psychology is the science of nervous reactions and only secondarily a science of mind. The New Psychology is the science of the sum total of human mentality—conscious and unconscious, directly and indirectly observed, subjectively and objectively revealed—expressed in terms of behavior. In the first case the question is what do we see, in the second how do we respond, in the third how do we act or behave. That the last is superior to the others both in scope and in freedom from prepossession is too clear for argument.

The great name of the New Psychology is Sigismund Freud. He is not the inventor, perhaps not the largest and certainly not the only contributor to the new point of view. But by all odds he is the most ingenious and the most suggestive worker in the field, the one man without whom the New Psychology could be hardly called new. Much of his work is guess, many of his conclusions far-fetched, most of his theory subject of revision, yet his elucidation of the sex-instinct, its mechanisms and the role it plays in mental life, is too convincing to be ignored. It is no longer possible to think of mentality in terms of intellect, emotion, and will without reference to the instinctive foundations on which mind is built. Indeed, through the influence of Freud and his co-workers the entire center of gravity for psychological thinking is shifting, if it has not already done so, from consciousness to instinct with its developments, transformations and sublimations, from a study of self as given in introspection to a study of the whole field of psychic activity as given in life.

Freud interprets behavior and so mentality as sex-instinct. Here no doubt he is extreme—perhaps carried away by the brilliancy of the exposition of his idea. It is easy to show, however, that the fundamental urge of human nature has other forms of instinctive expression quite as radical and far-reaching, quite as unique and complex, as anything Freud has been able to claim for the instinct of sex. For instance, the ego-instinct with its multitudinous devices for self-protection, with its ineradicable pride in a hundred forms, with its self-respect and sense of honor and sensitiveness to insult varied as the hues of the rainbow, may easily be interpreted to cover a very significant fraction of the emotions we feel and the impulses to which we yield. Besides, it is not so easy to reduce the forms of the ego instinct to terms of reproduction as it is to reduce sex to manifestations of the ego impulse. Clearly the marvelous exposition Freud has given us of the generative instincts might be repeated with the egoistic propensities of our natu re

Or if we study the herd instinct we shall find essentially the same parallelism as between the selfish and the sex impulses. Man is a gregarious animal. His nature is social. Individual as he is, he loves to be in the swim. He limits his egotism to the common interest. He follows the fashion and is uncomfortable in peculiarity. He feels the force of public opinion. He fairly glows with the ideas of fraternity, fellowship, brotherhood. It is easy to see that here we have an impulse unique, irreducible, protean, and comprehensive as either of the instincts mentioned above. If we should represent these three impulses as so many trees rising from the unconscious ground from which all mentality springs, we should have the conception of the beginnings of mind at which most of the new psychologists have arrived, and it is from this point of view that psychology is receiving some of its most illuminating explanations and inspiring suggestions for the future. Indeed it is from this point of view alone that we are able to understand the meaning of the divided-self, give a concrete and definite meaning to complexes, and to see the part played through the relation of these instincts to one another.

Now these instincts are so broad and of themselves and through their inter-actions cover so much of the phenomena which we call mental that for many of the new psychologists, especially for those of a materialistic bent of mind, they constitute a mutually supporting and self-sufficient system in which religion and its implications become no longer necessary. Just as evolution may be interpreted as a sufficient explanation of the universe, so the behavioristic psychology may be interpreted as a sufficient exposition of human nature. In the hands of men trained in the empirical, positivistic, scientific schools of thought, which have been so dominant and influential for the present generation, the new psychology is but little more than the old science in somewhat different terms and setting.

A more careful scrutiny of the impulses in question, however, will show us how superficial and inadequate any self-sufficient theory of the instincts must be. For instance, the ego instinct with its ramifications and sublimations may be so portrayed as to give an ascending series terminating in the instinct for immortality. With no more than ordinary insight the instinct of the herd in all its different forms may be seen as a like series rising to fellowship and brotherhood. We can not trace the sex instinct far without bidding good-by to our positivistic limits, without finding ourselves on the plane of creative art, without realizing that we have entered the region of the transcendentals. It is no mere coincidence that we call God Father. Indeed, beneath each of these instincts of which so much can be made we have a deeper instinct which includes while it transcends them all. In fact it is nowhere more than here that we are reminded of Augustine's significant sentence, "Thou hast made us for Thyself, O God, and our hearts are restless till they rest in Thee."

But apart from this, it is not impossible to isolate a special instinct the conditions of whose activity include the unrealized and the unknown, whose very existence implies the transcendental and unlimited. Freud fixes upon the sex instinct as bearing the weight of the psychic urge. To our mind he would be closer to the facts if he should give the place of honor to the instinct for the undiscovered and the unattained which so clearly lies at the root of human activity. The self, social, and sex instincts at best cover but a part of life and provide for but a fraction of our experience. But the instinct of curiosity—if we may call it such— begins with our earliest breath and ceases only with the last. In the one case the question is, "What is the world into which I am plunged?" in the second, "What is the world into which I am about to disappear?" And all the way between life for a normal man is largely an effort to discover the facts of existence and to reduce them to an intelligible system. It is through this that the individual grows, that society develops, and progress becomes possible. It is this which makes life worth living, which in itself is an urge which has led mankind from savagery to civilization, which transforms man from a purely scientific, positivistic, self-centered animal into a philosophic, idealistic, and self-forgetful searcher of fate and the stars.

In working out its theory of mentality the psychology of behavior makes quite as much of the indirections and the modifications of the major impulses of mentality as of the direct drive of the psychic urge itself. When it thinks of the ego instinct it includes not only its propulsive force, but also the reactions, the repressions, the projections, the rationalizations and the sublimations to which it may be subject. The social instinct includes the entire mass of the phenomena which we call social, however derived. In like manner the impulse for discovery includes not only a hunger for the unknown but all the results, indirect, as well as direct, of that hunger. And just as the herd instinct has given us a world of morals with its relation of persons, just as the reproductive impulse has made a world of art possible and man an incorrigible creator of new forms and combinations, so the instinct of curiosity drives us into the field of religion with its mystic and transcendental relations. Indeed, at bottom religion may be defined as our reaction to the unknown, and as such reaches primacy as a solvent and inspiration for human behavior. It answers the question of why it is that man is incurably religious and why it is that with all our emphasis on science and discovery religion has never received more attention than it does to-day.

It is easy to see also from this point of view that here we have the data for a revaluation and a reorganization of the religious interest, though this is no place for such a venture. The need of such an attempt, however, difficult as it may be, is one of the necessities of the religious situation. Without claiming too much for the new, without losing sight of the old, is it not self-evident that any rule of life, any system of social order, any scheme of morals or religion, which begins anywhere else than in the essential nature of man himself is freighted with the seeds of its own decay? We are all interested in social welfare, but who can not see that schemes of society which are mainly mechanical or governmental, which have no grip on the essential instincts of mankind, which think of everything but the raw material out of which brotherhood is to be built, but grope in the darkness, blind leaders of the blind? Everybody loves his Church—the Universalist Church, the Catholic Church, the Methodist, the Baptist, the Presbyterian Church—but no conception of religion which thinks of it as essentially formal or as imposed from without, which sees it merely as a division or as an aspect of human interest, which loses sight of its all-inclusive and fundamental character and excludes the mysticisms and transcendentalisms which inhere in all primal activity—can give the life without which religion must languish. Some of us are interested in the New Thought—whatever that may mean—but must not every thoughtful man realize that merely as *a priori* dogma, that even as pietistic or quietistic emotion, that with no thought-out and consistent organization of its convictions and with no support in human nature itself, the whole movement can be but a superficial and temporary spasm, a flash in the pan? Must we not recognize then that the New Psychology, with its peculiar emphasis and outlook, with its radical and essential aims, has at least the hope and perhaps the promise of supplying a foundation from which all our larger thought and practise, individual, social, ethical, religious and idealistic, may proceed, a foundation for the lack of which all the larger interests of humanity are as ships tossed about on an uncharted sea?

"Has the World Conquered the Church?"

The Rev. H. M. Cary

UNDER this title Corra Harris has written an article for the July number of the *Pictorial Review*. Over this article the Fundamentalists will wag wise heads and exchange approving nods. This is what they have been thinking for a long time and now the facile pen of Mrs. Harris has written for all the world to read.

In what I am about to say I would not have any one understand that I have lost my admiration for the splendid literary work of Mrs. Harris. I have read what she has written hitherto with pleasure and profit. I have, however, read too many books by too many authors (and in my own small sphere have produced too many sermons) not to have realized long since that the springs of inspiration sometimes run dry and deliver nothing but brackish memories of better things. It is equally true, however, that these springs of inspiration are intermittent and have, therefore, a way of filling up again, and so I look forward to reading with pleasure and profit again some future writings of this gifted woman, but, in the article in question, I believe that the springs ran dry indeed.

After quoting a rather dreadful sentence from the prophet Micah, which can only be made to apply

by very hard straining, she begins with an aphorism which either says too much or too little, or rather which can be classed only as one of those smart sayings which sacrifice sense to sound. It reads: "Prices have gone up and virtues have gone down." This is the *motif* of her composition. Her article *in toto* is a Jeremiad ever the passing of the Church of Yesterday and the tragic failure of the Church of To-day.

She recalls how the Church of Yesterday fought the world, the flesh and the devil, and she regrets the infrequency of the dear old denunciatory sermons—especially against the devil.

She flays the Church of To-day for seeking funds to finance its broad humanitarian program. She regrets the fact that the preachers' salaries are, on the whole, better than they once were and are usually paid and quite often paid on time. In those "dear dead days beyond recall" it was not so.

She charges the Church of To-day with being sentimental and with allowing its rich constituents to drug their consciences with almsgiving. Meanwhile her denunciation of the modern Church is put forth in an article reeking with sentiment of the rawest kind.

In one place she says: "You never heard the Church in those days planning 'All the World for Christ' in a ten weeks campaign." We are all aware of the shortcomings of the Interchurch World Movement, but it is only just to remark that what she quotes was not the slogan. What we heard was: "All the World for Christ in This Generation!"—a battle-cry worthy of the Apostles. We are ready to admit that they heard nothing like it in those good old days—and for the best of reasons. The Church of those good old days did not have faith enough, nor generosity enough, nor vision enough, nor grit enough, to plan a world-wide program. They were too busy in those days thanking God that they were not as other men. Mrs. Harris goes on to say: "When they did rake and scrape enough together to send a missionary, he *was* one, believe me, my brethren." The truth of the matter is that the early missionary was so poorly supported by these lamented saints of an elder generation that he himself had most of the raking and scraping to do to keep body and soul together. He received abundant supplies of admiration from home—and little else. As one can neither eat nor wear admiration, nor find shelter under it from the sun and rain, the early missionary's work was sadly handicapped and circumscribed and fell pitifully short of his just expectations, thanks to the sanctimonious parsimoniousness of these lamented saints.

As for the writing of begging letters which she censures, I can only say that I have been a good many years in the ministry and never heard of the practise before, and it will take a deal more evidence than Mrs. Harris adduces to make me believe that it is at all chargeable to modern missionaries as a class.

Mrs. Harris pays a glowing tribute to the Church of Yesterday and to the men of "great faith and terrific eloquence" who occupied its pulpits. I could not help remembering, as I read, that many of the finest activities of the modern Church were born of the zeal and the vision of laymen and often in the face of bitter opposition from these same men "of great faith and terrific eloquence." The Young Men's Christian Association fared badly with many of them, and the Bible School fared worse, and it took a heretical Universalist to inaugurate the observance of Children's Day.

Veering a little on a new tack, Mrs. Harris writes: "If you came into the Church's fellowship of saints you must take vows that stripped you to your shivering, naked soul." The worst of it is that Mrs. Harris is such a master of word weaving. She could make a cook-book read like a romance—but it won't do. What she says about vows will not stand up to the record. That is precisely what the Church did not do. The tragedy of the ages has been that the Church, instead of making a candidate for admission take vows looking to fundamental moral principles, has spent its force in demanding profession of belief in doctrines which it often did not understand itself and in exacting pledges of obedience to external rules which left the character untouched. It had quite a list of "Thou shalt nots" and any number of doctrines, but of the great essentials of justice, mercy and truth, it knew no more in that age than in any other, and, judging by results, accomplished less even than our own. For, at a time when the Church of Yesterday was in a frenzy over questions of "phylacteries and fringes," the insane were thrown into loathsome jails, peonage and slavery were at their worst in our country and in England, women and children were worked in factories and mines like beasts. The Church which Mrs. Harris laments allowed social sores to fester and infect the very springs of life, but was so busy being righteous after the Pharisaic formula of some of these same men of "great faith and terrific eloquence" that it had no time to visit the prisoner nor release the captive. We may not have achieved wonders ourselves as yet, but at least none can charge us with being blind or dead to the issue.

Mrs. Harris adds admiringly that "however we may criticise these old preachers it can be said of them that they left their mark on their day and generation." We are ready to admit more than that. They not only left their mark on their day and generation—for which we could have forgiven them—but what galls us is that they have left their mark on *our* day and generation. It is the very heritage they left, the pompous blundering of which they were guilty, the fatuous omniscience they claimed, the limitless authority they usurped, which constitute the crux of the problem with which the modern minister has to wrestle. Their presentation of the Christian religion could not but irritate, and in the long run alienate people from the Church, and lead an entire generation, first to weary of and then to scorn the travesty of Jesus' "Good News" they presented. In so doing they paved the way for the destructive propaganda of Bob Ingersoll and supplied him with his most effective ammunition.

"Now things are different," declares Mrs. Harris, and instead of thanking God for it she deplores it.

She reverts again to the thought which seems to trouble her most. "More money is being spent by the Church for religious purposes than ever was spent before in the history of mankind, and never before have men and women been so indifferent to the teachings of religion."

Sweeping charges like this are always vicious.

They cover too much territory to be above suspicion. More money *is* being spent, we admit, but more money is being spent for everything, food, fuel, clothes, shelter, pleasure, education, relief. The Church had no choice but to keep pace or die. This is no crime, although Mrs. Harris makes it sound like one.

When she goes on to say that "never before have men and women been so indifferent to the teachings of religion," she says what she can not prove. What she deplores is lack of interest in religion. How does she estimate interest? Fewer people attend church twice on Sunday and fewer still attend prayer meetings. In common with many others, she does not seem to realize that interest in religion and the manifestation of that interest are not one and the same thing. Different generations express themselves differently.

It was once possible for a preacher to stand before a congregation and at the close of an elaborate doctrinal sermon declare—"That is what you believe." The time for unchallenged dogmatism has gone by. That phase belonged to a time when the pulpit was the only source of supply of religious discussions. To-day there are innumerable publications either co-operating or competing with the pulpit. The very article we are discussing is evidence that the editors of a popular magazine must cater to a wide-spread interest in religion. More people are reading books, pamphlets and other discussions of practical, personal religion than ever before. The mere fact that Protestant churches are not crowded twice on Sunday does not prove lack of interest. The reason is simple enough. Whereas in Catholic churches there are two and one-half members per seat, in Protestant churches there are two and one half seats per member. The seating capacity of Protestant churches is that far in excess of need. We have too many Protestant church buildings —or rather have them too poorly distributed. We have to thank those dear departed saints of Mrs. Harris' article for this, for it was they who built denominations around petty doctrinal differences, and are responsible for all the consequences.

The "hell-roaring preachers" of those good old days, whose passing Mrs. Harris so deeply regrets, presented a God of wrath, a religion of dread and of fear, a body of appalling doctrine, a world on the way to perdition from which only a few elect could be saved—and even these "as by fire." The texts they preached from were chosen for the most part from the Old Testament. Sunday was a dreary day of continual attendance at church listening to long and (Mrs. Harris to the contrary notwithstanding) not always eloquent sermons. Who among us has read the story of Jesus to so little purpose as to believe that that preaching properly presented the "Good News" as Jesus taught it to multitudes who "heard him gladly?"

Why, then, in the name of all that is reasonable, should we be expected to shed tears of blubbering sentimentality over the passing of an order of things in which we do not believe? Let us admit that in our day multitudes are dissatisfied with the old interpretations and are seeking new. What of it? It is a sign of life, not death. "There lives more faith in honest doubt, believe me, than in half the creeds." For my own part I am glad of the change and willing to face its problems. The cause of the Kingdom of God is not losing but gaining ground, and instead of regretting I rejoice that the center of interest is being shifted from where the elder generation placed it, in the future, to a new center of interest, the living present. My own belief is that we ought to be the happiest people alive, because we are serving the cause of a Christ who is not a deserter but a winner, not conquered but conquering, of a God not of Failure but of Success.

Out in the Big World

IX At the End of Cape Ann

John van Schaick, Jr.

OUT here at the very end of Cape Ann, where Titans once hurled blocks of granite around, with everything available from cliffs to quarries, where every cow has her own granite back rest and almost every garden its boulder which no man can move, this play-work or work-play job of mine has brought me.

Happy is the man who can get away from work. Thrice happy is he whose work goes with him, whose study or office is any log, any hostel, any train or boat.

Far out on a marvelous expanse of ocean I can see a little white patch—the Bangor boat which has come up out of Massachusetts Bay, cleared the cape and shaped her course for Maine. "Every night at eight," said my friend, "we see the two Maine boats unless they are hidden by fog." There is no discounting the keen interest which we poor human beings take, at sea or in the wilderness or surrounded anywhere by the most magnificent scenery, in the slightest trace of or touch with man.

"Long, long ago the ice cap of the glacier," said John Clarence Lee, "brought tops of mountains here, made a coast line which then ran two hundred miles farther out into the ocean, scooped out holes, piled up hills, made the gullies, the fissures, the bays, the cliffs, you now see, and left all this granite around."

To-day it is the land of the coves and inlets which artists love. There is an old colony of them at Annisquam. It is the land of the bayberry and the blueberry and the less exploited huckleberry too. It is the land of swamps between the granite hills, where lovely magnolias grow and where pond lilies bloom.

Up on Pigeon Hill, looking down on Rockport and Pigeon Cove, my editorial assignment took me to see the sunrise and the sunset. I do not need to describe them, however, for *Leader* readers.

Our beloved Rev. Henry C. Leonard (brother of Dean Leonard), in the year that I was born, published a little book, "Pigeon Cove and Vicinity." This Pigeon Hill, where thousands of wild pigeons used to pause in flight, was his favorite promenade. He has a wonderful paragraph naming and describing what I now look out upon—in front the open sea; on my

right Massachusetts Bay, and the road coming up that side of the Cape from Salem, through fashionable Beverly, Magnolia, Manchester and Gloucester; on my left Ipswich Bay and the road coming up from Essex through Annisquam; across Ipswich Bay to the northwest and north, distant mountains, the shore line down past Newburyport, Kittery, and Old Orchard (and that means Ferry Beach); and, more out to sea, the famous Isles of Shoals, twenty miles away, "visible on a clear day," as they were to me at sunrise to-day. "One sees also," says Dr. Leonard, "the Buttercups, dark blue hills, near the ancient town of York, Maine."

Of the fashionable life of Cape Ann, of Bass Rocks, of the diplomats at Manchester, of the many lovely villas, others write daily. My only warning to the traveler going to call at the Frick estate, between Manchester and Gloucester, is to be sure to get the right hand side of the road and not ring at the palatial servants' quarters on the left.

To all literary folk, to church people, and especially to Universalists, there are traditions here of deep interest. For years Edwin Hubbell Chapin, our greatest orator and one of our strongest men, found rest and strength and inspiration at Pigeon Cove for his work.

To my delight I found that Mrs. Davison, his only daughter, and Mrs. William T. Andrews, his granddaughter, were here at the old Chapin cottage, and I called on them, saw the place Chapin built fifty years ago, "Chapin's gully," "Chapin's rock," as they now are named, the far views that Dr. Chapin loved and the porch where he sat and read and visited and had time to really live.

For it is literally true that there were friends who loved him who could never see him in New York, or who would not trespass on him there, but who followed him to Pigeon Cove just to talk with him.

Mrs. Davison had me go up to his room to get the view he especially loved of the sea and the jagged rocks. "Father always used to say," said Mrs. Davison, "when we had a visitor he liked, 'Take him upstairs and let him get the best view of the rocks.' "

Mrs. Davison's talk of my wife as a little girl in the Church of the Divine Paternity, New York, her memory of Mr. and Mrs. Romaine, my wife's father and mother, intimate talk of Dr. Chapin's golden wedding, and of his life at Pigeon Cove, with Mrs. Andrews' childhood memories of her grandfather, helped give me a vision of the days when this prophet of our faith was in the full tide of his marvelous success.

A man of powerful build and of great natural strength, burly almost, he had no love of exercise. "Father used to order the coupe in New York," said Mrs. Davison, "to go just a block or two." So at Pigeon Cove he did not walk along the shore in a storm as others loved to do, or clamber over jagged rocks, or tramp back through the lovely pine woods which come to the front door of the cottage, or climb Pigeon Hill. He did not swim even, but, while Starr King or Henry Leonard swam around Chapin gully, he let himself down into the water and took his salt bath, hanging on to "Chapin rock." But to climb out and sit on the rocks in the sun and laugh and joke with his comrades—that was his rest and his delight. He did not criticise the way in which other men spent their vacations, and he let no man dictate to him how he was to spend his.

Not only the sun and sky and rocks and salt sea, and not only the kindly country folk of the little hamlet, made Pigeon Cove agreeable to Dr. Chapin, but the same old thing which makes life beautiful for us always—congenial society.

Back about 1840, Richard Henry Dana came here and was delighted with it. He got his friend William Cullen Bryant to come for two or three summers. "Birds of a feather flock together." A most unusual literary and professional group gradually assembled here. The Norwoods, ideal hotel keepers for such people, built a little tavern down in the Cove—the "Old House," and then another higher up on the cliffs. This hotel became an authors' club almost. Chapin stayed there for twenty years before he built his own cottage on a high point he loved especially. Of the great inn fire, of the give and take of prank and joke, of Chapin's bubbling fun and instant repartee, many traditions still remain.

Among the people who made Pigeon Cove famous in Chapin's day were Emerson, Whittier, Lowell, Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, James T. Fields, Richard Frothingham, Jr., and Edwin Percy Whipple. Among the ministers were Henry C. Leonard, Charles H. Leonard, John G. Adams, Henry Bellows, Cyrus H. Fay, A. D. Mayo, E. S. Gannett, Cyrus Bartol, T. B. Thayer, James Freeman Clarke, and the brilliant, versatile, magnetic young Starr King, whom Chapin especially loved.

Dr. Chapin was generous with his services even in vacation time. There were nearby parishes to visit. There was an occasional trip to Boston or New York, and there was Pigeon Cove with its patriotic celebrations and its little Universalist church. Once a year regularly Dr. Chapin preached at Pigeon Cove, and the older inhabitants still tell how people drove in from miles around and how the streets were filled with vehicles of every kind. "Father did not like to preach out of doors," said Mrs. Davison, "and yet to please the people he did preach in Cathedral Woods, and sometimes on the shore."

Sumner Ellis quotes Miss Duley as saying: "He preached at Pigeon Cove an out-of-door sermon on the rocks. He seemed to translate to his rapt audience the very sound of the wind and waves. His topic was 'The Love of God.' 'What else,' he said, 'will support us, when the great waves are washing to our lips and eternity is pressing in upon us?' "

There is a famous passage from a speech Dr. Chapin once made in Faneuil Hall. It was when in a great burst of eloquence he described where, if he had but four breaths to draw, he would choose to draw them. "One," he said, as I remember it, "in the sacred precincts of home, one in a gorge of the White Mountains, one by the sea and one in old Faneuil Hall." One can easily imagine the excited climbing up on seats and the wild cheering which would greet a thing like this from Chapin, even in old Boston town.

His one poem, "The Waters," gives his testimony to the sea:

"It is the soul's interpreter,
That vast, mysterious sea,
A scroll from which the spirit reads
And knows eternity."

When I served Chapin's old church in New York as a young assistant, the older people told me how busy he was, off all the week on the Star Lyceum Circuit, back Saturday night and sitting up late to get ready for the morrow, and what a powerful preacher he was, and how he drew the thousands of strangers in New York. One thing always emphasized was that "he never wanted any one to speak to him before a service. He didn't want even his family to talk to him." And with all the demands upon him, going and coming as he was, some people thought him a brusque man, reserved, exclusive, unsocial. These old folks in New York always added: "It wasn't so. He always wanted to go to folks in trouble. He had a big heart."

The traditions of "big heart" abound here at Pigeon Cove. Down here they knew him as he was.

About two of his successors at the Church of the Divine Paternity the same tradition of exclusiveness or aloofness grew up, just as false about them as about Chapin. Those of us who know them off duty know them to have the same great warm sympathies that Chapin had—with the Chapin fun and joy in people down underneath.

"By our leisure," some one has said, "we are revealed and tested more than by our work."

Usually our seven devils are not around when we are going full speed ahead, with every sense alert, every faculty aroused, every inner servant obedient to our will.

Nothing very grave ever menaces those of us who are preachers, in sermon or prayer or at our writing. It is when we are relaxed, when the guard is down, when we stop in weariness, or when joy just bubbles over, that some of us at least need to watch out.

It is the highest kind of tribute to Dr. Chapin to be able to say that the memories of his vacation days are all memories of a noble Christian man at his best. The great man was revealed as the good man. An indestructible tradition is that "Dr. Chapin never forgot to pray."

Pigeon Hill, overlooking Pigeon Cove, Mass.

The Admonition of the Hills

A hill said to another hill,
"This is my valley that lies between us."
But the other hill was vexed.
"No," it said, "it is my valley."
And the hills disputed and became more angry:
And dark storm-clouds gathered above them:
And the storm broke,
And shrieked about the crags,
And descended into the valley
And laid it waste.

Then the God of the hills—
Who is your God and my God—
Reached out and took one of the hills in the hollow of His hand,
And He put it behind His back.
And He whispered to the hill that was left,
"Behold thee now thy valley."
And the hill looked and the valley was not.
Then God said to the hill at His back,
"Look thou now down upon the valley."
And the hill looked and the valley was not.

And God returned the hill to its ancient place,
And, behold, the valley was there again.

And God was silent;
For He knew that the hills knew
What He would have said;
But the hills did not know whether God Himself
Could remove the scar of the storm which the quarrel had brought
To shriek about the crags,
And to descend into the valley
And to lay it waste.

Anon.

The Transfiguring Christ---A Sermon

The Rev. Arthur W. McDavitt

IN our zeal to evade those things which seem to border on the supernatural, there is danger that we shall fail to give important events due consideration. Take the story of the Transfiguration, for example. In the days when miracles were thought necessary to prove a point, this story was the subject of hundreds of sermons. To-day one seldom hears it mentioned, for, the element of the supernatural having lost favor, no one takes the trouble to preach upon the perfectly natural aspects of the wonderful event in the life of Jesus. Discussed in a natural way, however, the Transfiguration gains immeasurably and loses nothing. It is simply a transfer of emphasis to the point where it properly belongs.

The writers of the Synoptic Gospels all mention the Transfiguration, but if the writer of the Fourth Gospel knew of the story he did not regard it as of sufficient importance to leave a record of it in his book. The other three Gospels agree that Jesus went to a mountain and became transfigured. Matthew and Mark give no reason for the journey, but Luke tells us that Jesus took Peter and John and James apart to a mountain to pray—a reason that fits in with the other facts we know about the life of the Master. Then Luke goes on to state that as Jesus was praying "the fashion of his countenance was altered" and "his raiment became white and dazzling." In his version of the transfiguration then, the primary thing was the prayer; the transfiguration came merely as an outgrowth of the prayer and was consequently of only secondary importance. One may well imagine something of the content and spirit of that prayer. Jesus' new ideas about love and brotherhood and service must have made a profound impression upon that audience of three. They had been used to hearing men pray "to be heard and seen of men." What sort of person was this to pray where crowds could

neither see nor hear? Nowhere did Jesus ask the Lord to change His established laws to suit him, but rather he prayed that man might alter his ways to conform with the laws of God.

Why had these three men gone with Jesus to the mountain to pray? Doubtless they themselves would have had some difficulty to explain. Jesus had invited them, and so they had gone. Doubtless they recognized that he was not a common character and were attracted by his commanding personality. They had become interested, perhaps, in his new and untried gospel, but they were not as yet aware of its great importance to humanity. They had not yet shown any great amount of spiritual adaptability, nor up to this point had they demonstrated any insight into human problems. Thus they followed Christ to the mountain to hear him pray, and as he prayed a new light broke upon them, a new comprehension of his spirit and power. Jesus prayed with such fervency and insight that these followers saw him as they had never seen him before. They awoke to a new appreciation. This carpenter's son suddenly became the Son of God. A new conception of the whole world burst upon them. Jesus shone with a luster that dazzled them, and by this light they saw a different God and a new heaven and earth. It was in Peter, James and John that the change took place, not in Jesus. It was they, not Jesus, who were transfigured.

There are countless other transfigurations to parallel this event in the lives of those three followers. In her autobiography, Mary A. Livermore tells of her experience in a school where she acted as secretary to the principal. One day a tall, wrinkled-faced man came to the door of the office to see the principal. As she let him in she mentally decided that he was the homeliest specimen of humanity she had ever seen. Later, the stranger passed by her on his way out. As he opened the door he bowed and smiled. A thrill passed through her that she never forgot. She then and there declared she had never seen such a wonderful face. It was handsome beyond compare. Interested and curious, she went straight to the principal to find out the name of this interesting person. Imagine her surprise when this answer came back: "That is my pastor, Ralph Waldo Emerson."

My second illustration is that well-known incident between Lincoln and the poor and hard-working mother who came to him to beg to have her son saved from court-martial. When Lincoln handed her the paper upon which the pardon was written, she became hysterical and shouted, "I knew it was a lie! I knew it was a lie. When I left home the people said I would see the homeliest and most heartless man on earth. But instead I have found the most handsome and sympathetic person in the world."

These are as truly instances of transfiguration as the one recorded of Jesus. Yet one would hardly say that Emerson or Lincoln was transfigured. There was no difference in Emerson before and after the smile. Lincoln could hardly have been other than the same before and after he had gladdened the poor mother's heart by signing the pardon for her son. The changes then were obviously in Mrs. Livermore and the mother. They had been awakened to the noble qualities of these men just as the three had been awakened to an adequate appreciation of Jesus.

Nor does my theory take away the miraculous element in the story of Christ's transfiguration, as may seem at first. It merely changes the emphasis and places it where it rightfully belongs, making Jesus just what he really was and is—a transformer of men. With those, of course, who insist upon a literal interpretation—that the garments of Jesus actually dazzled with the brilliancy and splendor of an arc light and that his face was equally brilliant—my theory falls down. But granting that such a transfiguration must be taken as largely figurative, my interpretation becomes readily plausible. Little is added to our appreciation of Jesus by proving him to be a man of magic. Little is gained in solving our complex social problems by showing that Jesus could change his countenance, but it means everything that he could and can change people into his likeness. That he so changed Peter, James and John proves that he can and has changed other of his followers. That is the message which the story of the transfiguration holds for us to-day. Scientists can accept such an interpretation. It needs no further proof, for its evidences are all about us, so overwhelming that no one need argue the point. The great lesson which it brings home is that Jesus is and always has been a "transfigurer" of men.

The transfiguration of Jesus, in a word, is simply this: An approach on the part of Peter, James and John to an adequate appreciation of the life, aims and teachings of Jesus, and, in that sudden comprehension, the great change which came over them, the same change which comes over every one who takes up the Cross and follows Christ.

Wisdom of the Workers

Ways and Means of Increasing Sunday School Attendance

The Rev. Lewis R. Lowry

As a general rule, when one decides to write on this subject, he spends his time explaining some of the many contest ideas to call children to the Sunday school. Now I have no quarrel with these plans, but in this article I want to offer three other ideas that are not so often mentioned.

If we really want to increase our Sunday school attendance, and then hold the increase after we get it, *we must make our school worth attending.* Contests and special inducements are all right to get the children to come to Sunday school a few times, but no number of contests or other external features will keep the child in a Sunday school that is uninteresting. Then the question arises, "How are we to make our Sunday school interesting?" I want to point out four principles that I believe are essential to make the school really worth attending.

1. The teachers should set out to *win* the children. Too often a teacher takes the attitude that the children are in school, that they have to come, or at least, they *ought* to have to come, that they are only doing their duty in coming, and that he, the teacher, needs only to get his distasteful task off his hands as quickly and easily as possible. But what is the real purpose of the Sunday school? The real purpose of the Sunday school is, not to teach the Bible, not to teach the particular creed or dogma of that individual church, but to develop the Christian life. And the fundamental of the Christian life is *love*. There is only one effective way to teach love, that is, *to love*. So I maintain the most important thing to make our Sunday school worth attending is for our teachers to set out to *win* the children, *love* them and teach them to *love*. And the teacher who does this, even though he may say absolutely nothing about the Bible, does more to instill *real* Christianity into the hearts of his pupils than does the one who teaches the entire Bible, but does it coldly and unsympathetically. So, my first principle is: *Love the children and teach them to love you.*

2. The lessons of the Sunday school must be interesting; they must be made of material suitable to the age of the pupil. This sounds trite, yet it is surprising how often we can go into Sunday schools and see adolescents struggling with adult lessons, and primary children struggling with adolescent lessons. What would we think of a public school where the attempt was made to teach fractions before the multiplication table, or to read Shakespeare before the child learned his alphabet? Ridiculous? Aye, but in many of our Sunday schools we are working on this very principle, we are endeavoring to teach fractions before the multiplication table. So, my second principle to make the Sunday school worth attending is: *Have lessons that are interesting and that are adapted to the age of the scholars.*

3. The lessons may be adapted to the age of the pupil, and the teacher may be of a lovable disposition, and still the school will lack interest, *unless the teacher prepares his lesson before class time.* How many teachers in the public schools would think of entering their classes day after day without previously preparing their lessons? If any did make a practise of this, they soon would be replaced by others. But in our Sunday schools, week after week, month after month, and year after year, teachers open their books and look at their lessons for the first time when they enter the class room. And then they wonder why the lessons are dry and uninteresting; they wonder why they get nothing out of them, and why the pupils are bored and soon cease coming. *If the lessons are to be made interesting, then the teacher must prepare himself carefully.* He must feel he has a real message to impart, and he must have a real enthusiasm for his work.

Another thing that hurts our Sunday schools today is the irregularity of the teachers. Usually we appoint our teachers, not because they are qualified, but because we can get them to take the job. We must urge, yes, we must almost get down on our knees and beg people to teach our classes, and the result is, when a teacher does accept a class, he feels he is doing every one else a favor, and is making a martyr of himself. And if something else turns up, and he desires to go for a car ride Sunday morning, or wants to sleep late, or for any other reason does not want to come to Sunday school, it is sufficient. He does not think it necessary to get a substitute teacher, or to notify the superintendent. Nine cases out of ten, the first intimation the superintendent has of an intended absence is after Sunday school convenes, and the teacher has failed to appear. Or, if he does happen to notify the superintendent, it is usually too late to get a properly prepared substitute.

One way to make the Sunday school more interesting and more worth attending is to have good teachers, teachers who are dependable, who, if for some reason they *are* compelled to be absent, will take enough interest to find as a substitute one who will prepare the lesson.

4. Sometimes, as we enter the door of the Sunday school, we feel an atmosphere of hostility. Petty jealousies are all too common in our Sunday schools. And the children, seeing these things, lose their respect for the lofty ideals they are taught in their classes. Of course, the proper thing to do is to practise our ideals at *all* times, but I am not preaching a sermon now, so I will merely say: *While in the Sunday school, at least, hide your petty jealousies, and practise your doctrine of love and forbearance.* Children are more observing of these things than adults.

The first major point is: Make your Sunday school worth attending, and the second is: Advertise your school. Let every one know that you have a school, let them know its purpose, that it is growing, and that they are wanted. "Nothing succeeds like success," and a well-advertised school that has been made worth attending is assured of success. Do not fear to advertise because it is called unethical. Advertising is merely telling what you have, and certainly we should not be ashamed of our Sunday school. Let's tell them about it, then.

And last, but far from least, I say: *Bring*, do not *send*, your children. Every boy desires to be grown up. We imitate our elders. I am not so old but that I remember my reaction to the Sunday school.

I well remember when my parents would get my brother and myself ready and send us off to Sunday school. Sometimes we went; more often we did not. But, when we did go, I remember we were laughed at by the other boys and called babies and sissies. Their parents had sent them too, but instead of going on to Sunday school they met in the alleys and played marbles for keeps. Naturally, it was not long before my brother and myself joined these other pretenders in their marble games. And why did we do this? Because we were inherently bad? Because we delighted in disobeying our parents? Because the Sunday school was uninteresting? No, we did this because we wanted to be grown up. The grown-ups did not attend Sunday school, why should we, who, in our own conception, were now grown? I want to tell you now, you men, if you want to increase your Sunday school attendance by far the most important thing to do is to *remove from the Sunday school the stigma of being a kid's institution. You* attend—if you have no children of your own, attend anyway, and set the example for others' children. Increase your adult classes, prove to the boys that you consider it manly to attend Sunday

school, and then a cordon of police could not keep the boys away.

To sum up: *Make your school worth attending* by having teachers who take a real interest in the school and in the pupils, and by having lessons adapted to the age and requirements of the children.

Advertise. Let the people know what you have, and that you are making a success, and they will be anxious to help you with it.

Bring, do not *send*, your children.

Set the example, prove that you consider the school worth attending, and, be not afraid, the children will follow.

* * *

FOR AVIA

On Her Fifth Birthday

You Eyes, you large and all-inquiring Eyes,
That look so dubiously into me,
And are not satisfied with what you see,
Tell me the worst and let us have no lies:
Tell me the secret of your scrutinies,
And of myself. Am I a Mystery?
Am I a Boojum—or just Company?
What do you say? What do you think, You Eyes?
You say not; but you think, beyond a doubt;
And you have the whole world to think about,
With very little time for little things.
So let it be; and let us all be fair—
For you, and for the rest who can not share
Your gold of unrevealed awakenings.

Edwin Arlington Robinson.

* * *

THE PARABLES OF SAFED THE SAGE

The Parable of the Hole in the Doughnut

NOW it is my custom to go away in the Good Old Summer Time, and to rest for a little season beside a Little Lake. And the daughter of the daughter of Keturah sat there with me, and told me about the Ark and Noah, and how the dove flew all around the Lake; and that Lake is for her great enough to satisfy all the requirements of the Flood; and it is very nearly large enough for me also.

And there spake one to me saying, Wherefore shouldest thou take a Vacation? Behold, I have not had a Vacation in Twenty Years.

And I said, That is one thing that aileth thee.

And he said, Why should not a man work the year around?

And I said, When God causeth the Grass and the Trees to toil all the year around, and obliterateth the distinction between the seasons, then will it be good for men to toil alway and rest never.

And I said, I am very fond of Doughnuts.

And he said, I discover not the connection.

And I said, Once upon a time did women fry their Crullers with no Hole in the middle, and they were just Crullers. But some one with a Towering Genius discovered that if an hole were made in the middle, then might there be a cake fried with a delicious Crust all about it, and one might eat thereof on every side down to the Hole, and find it good to the last crumb.

And he said, I also like Doughnuts.

And I said, What the Hole is unto the Doughnut, so is the Vacation unto the toil of the year; and there be many men half-baked or overdone because they know it not.

And he was Speechless. For though it be not possible to establish many sound arguments upon a Vacuum, yet is there one such Unanswerable Argument, and that is the most wise Argument based upon the Hole in the Doughnut.

* * *

A RELIGIOUS MELTING-POT

The Rev. Frank D. Adams, D. D.

On July 21 was brought to a close a remarkable series of meetings at Union Theological Seminary, New York. It was the second annual Midsummer Conference for Ministers and Religious Workers. An attempt was made a few years ago to establish these conferences, but it was frustrated by the war. Last year the idea was revived, and there is every indication that it is to be permanent.

This year's conference, which lasted two weeks, offered six series of lectures by as many eminent teachers. Union was represented by three of its own faculty, Ernest Findlay Scott, who spoke on "The Holy Spirit in the New Testament," Harry Emerson Fosdick, whose theme was "Christianity and Progress," and George Albert Coe, on "The Reconstruction of Religious Education." Fosdick's lectures are soon to appear in book form from the Revell press. The three visiting teachers were Willard Learoyd Sperry, newly elected dean of the Harvard-Andover Theological Seminaries, whose course on "The Church at Worship and at Work" was stimulating; Gerald Birney Smith of the University of Chicago, who spoke on "The Social Program of Christianity," and Lewis Bayles Paton, whose course on "The Social Program of Ancient Israel" proved a revelation even to the seasoned veterans who heard him. There were five lectures in each course, thirty in all.

Chapel services were held each morning at 8.45, and the program for the day was finished at 12.45. Each evening an informal conference was held by one of the teachers for the more intimate discussion of points covered in his course.

Four afternoons were given to most interesting tours. One was a visit to two great institutional churches, the Madison Avenue Presbyterian, where Charles Sloane Coffin ministers, and the Labor Temple, which is backed by the New York Presbytery. Another was a tour of the leading social settlements on the East Side; a third was a leisurely visit, with a competent guide, to Ellis Island; and last, but not least, was a visit to the leading radical headquarters of New York City, including the Rand School, the *New York Call*, the Socialist daily paper, and the I. W. W. To some it was a revelation, to others a disgust, to a few a great hope.

The total registration for the Conference was 266 delegates, from twenty-six states and the District of Columbia, and three foreign countries. Texas was the most distant state represented. New York had the largest number. Twenty denominations were represented, the Presbyterians being most numerous, with 57, followed by Congregationalists, Disciples, Methodist Episcopal and Baptists, in order. There was only one Universalist and two Unitarians. Forty-seven theological seminaries were inscribed in the register, Union, of course, leading, with seventy-one. The lone Universalist, from Ryder, found a crumb of consolation in the fact that there was only one registered from Harvard.

The spirit of the Conference was splendid, truly catholic and cosmopolitan. No one asked the other's denomination, nor cared. The lecturers were intellectually broad and spiritually warm. Every fundamental tenet which our Universalist pioneers and scholars fought for was taken for granted. It is a great place to go for reassurance and inspiration. May there be a dozen Universalists at Union next summer!

Home and Children

FRIENDLY POETRY

The poems to be printed in this department must meet the human test. They must have sympathy, understanding and, above all, faith.

LINES FOR A SLEEPING ROOM

As a garment I put off the day
And the cares that were mine.
One star at my window is set
Like a candle ashine.

There's a wind in the room, cool and sweet,
And it bears on its wings
Old fragrance, and quiet and sleep,
And dreams of old things.

To-day has slipped into the past
On a journey unknown.
To-morrow is God's and is safe.
To-night is my own.

Like a candle my star in the west
Burns low with its light.
As a beautiful garment of rest
I put on the night.

Selected.

SUBSTITUTING FOR MOTHER

"NOW, mother dear, you needn't worry. You go away and have a good rest and I'll do the very best I can while you're gone. But please don't tell me how to do any more things to-night. I simply can not remember another single one; my head's fairly buzzing now."

"All right, Harriet, I've tried to think of everything. I'm sure you'll get along beautifully. You won't have any trouble at all with most of the cooking, but do be careful Saturday about the doughnuts. You know your father and the boys think breakfast isn't worth eating without them, but they do insist upon their being good."

"But, mother, I don't know anything about doughnuts! You've forgotten to tell me how to make them, and all I've ever done is to help you fry them once or twice. Can't I buy fresh ones at the bakery every day?"

"Goodness, no, child, they'd never be eaten if you did. I'll write out my recipe in the morning and leave it in the front of the cook-book, and you'll get along all right if you just follow the directions carefully. They're not half so hard to make as most people think. You probably won't need more than two batches while I'm gone, so that needn't worry you. Why, when I was your age I made all the doughnuts that were eaten in our house, and you know what that must have meant for a large family like ours!"

"Yes, but you'd had much more experience in cooking than I have had! However, dear, I'll do the very best I can, and here's hoping I won't ruin father's and the boys' digestions! But I can see right now how glad they'll be to have you home again."

Harriet's mother was the type of woman who never knows when to stop working for other people. But she had reached a place where the doctor and everybody else told her she must stop and go away for at least two weeks or she would soon find herself forced to take a much longer rest.

Fortunately, it was high school vacation time, and as Harriet was a capable girl and had always helped her mother as much as her time would allow, there was no reason why, with the advice of two aunts who lived near, and the help of a strong and willing laundress and scrubwoman, she should not take her mother's place and keep the small household running smoothly.

And she did so wonderfully well. The novelty of the thing, together with the desire to stand well in the eyes of her father and brothers, spurred her on, and she carried out her mother's suggestions and followed her plans down to the smallest detail. She liked the cooking best of all and, barring a few hard biscuits and a fallen cake, was very successful in everything she attempted, until her father exclaimed one night at supper, "Why, Harriet, I don't see but what you cook about as well as your mother."

This pleased her so much that she made up her mind to try harder than ever in the morning with the doughnuts, so that no one would suspect it was her first attempt at making them. Naturally, she was a bit nervous about it, but she decided she would go at that part of the baking early, and if she didn't succeed with the first batch, she'd try a second or a third until she got some that satisfied her.

So, soon after she had finished her breakfast dishes next morning, she went into the pantry and began reading aloud the directions her mother had left for making the doughnuts. After she had finished she said to herself: "Why, that doesn't sound a bit hard. I'm sure I've got brains enough to do just what mother says and have them come out all right the first time. Oh, I've got a brilliant idea! She said I'd probably have to make two batches while she was gone. Now, instead of doing that, I'm going to double the recipe and make them all now and save myself the bother of making them twice. Let's see, what do I have to use?"

Then she began measuring out the sugar and butter and flour and other ingredients into a big yellow bowl. And after she had stirred everything together until it was stiff enough, she put part of the mixture on to the bread-board and started rolling it and cutting out the doughnuts. She had thought at first that she would cut them all out before she began frying them, but after a little she changed her mind, for there seemed to be so many of them before the mixture was anywhere near used up that she could find no more room in the pantry to put them. She had no idea, even though she had doubled the recipe, that it would make so many. So she put the fat on the stove and, after it was hot enough, started in with the frying.

And she had such hard work frying them! Not but what the frying itself was easy enough, but there were so many interruptions when she had to let the fat cool and the unfried doughnuts stand anywhere in the kitchen that she could find a place to put them.

First, there would be some one at the front door and then some one at the back, and in between, the telephone would ring. It seemed as though all her friends wanted her to do something pleasant out-of-doors that day instead of staying at home and finishing the work she had planned to do. She refused all the invitations except one to go automobiling in the afternoon, for Aunt Nell told her she did not care how late they started and she would wait until Harriet telephoned her that she was ready.

So the morning wore on, and when the whistles blew at noon, although Harriet worked as hard as she could, not half of the doughnuts were yet fried. And it was very hot there in the kitchen, and she began to get very tired and just a wee bit discouraged. So she stopped work for a little while and sat down in the cool dining room, out of sight of the cooking, to eat her lunch and rest a bit.

She sat there longer than she had intended, but when she finally jumped up and went to work again it was with the firm determination to finish frying the doughnuts as soon as possible and then get to the other work she had planned for that day. But the automobile ride with Aunt Nell began to look rather doubtful.

Again there were interruptions! The telephone would ring and had to be answered. Her father and one of the boys came home for lunch unexpectedly and rushed off to the golf links instead of remaining in the city as they usually did. While yet there were dozens of the doughnuts to be fried the hot fat gave out, and Harriet had to run over to Aunt Jane's to borrow a pail of lard. She did not stop to tell her aunt what difficulties she was having. And then the ice-man came and it took a long time for him to fill the big refrigerator back of the kitchen.

And so it went on, but in between the interruptions the frying of the doughnuts continued until Harriet began to wonder what she should put them in. For she had filled all the crocks she could find in the pantry until the kitchen table seemed covered with them—and still there were more to be fried. But faithfully she stuck to her task until the last brown ring was lifted out of the boiling fat and she had pushed the frying kettle on to the back of the stove. Then she sank down into one of the big, comfortable kitchen chairs and looked long and steadily at her day's work.

She sat there some time and was so engrossed in her own thoughts that she did not hear her Aunt Nell say: "Why, Harriet Whitman, whatever made you fry so many doughnuts? It looks like a baker's shop here! No wonder you've been working all this beautiful day instead of going for a ride with me! I got tired of waiting for you to telephone me you were ready to start, so I came over to get you. Can you go now?"

"Oh, Aunt Nell, my work isn't finished yet, and supper isn't even planned. I've spent the whole day on these wretched old doughnuts, and I'm so tired and sick of them that I don't want to see another one as long as I live."

"But how did you ever happen to make so many, my dear? Why, half of this number would be more than enough for your family."

"Well, mother said I'd probably have to make two batches while she was gone, so I thought if I doubled her recipe and made them all at once it would save me the trouble of doing the work all over again next Saturday. But I hadn't any idea there would be so many."

"Oh, but you must have made a mistake, Harriet, for surely this is more than the recipe doubled. I ought to know, for I make my doughnuts as your mother does, and we both use Grandma Bascom's old recipe. Are you sure you followed the directions exactly?"

"Yes, I just doubled everything, and I was very particular, for I wanted father and the boys to say my doughnuts were as good as mother's."

"I'd just like to see your recipe a minute, dear. Do you mind showing it to me?"

"Certainly, Aunt Nell, for I know I didn't make a mistake. Here it is," and Harriet went into the pantry and came out with her mother's cook-book.

Then Aunt Nell began reading aloud the directions that Mrs. Whitman had left. When she had finished she smiled and, looking at Harriet, said: "You say you doubled this recipe, dear? Well, the joke is on you, I guess, and no wonder you had to spend most of the day frying doughnuts. Your mother must have had the same thought that you did about saving you work, so she doubled her recipe when she wrote it down in the cook-book. Then you doubled that, so you see you made four times the usual number. One thing sure, your family will have plenty of doughnuts for one while."

"Oh, that's just my luck! I might have known something like that would happen if I tried to be smart," exclaimed Harriet. "But it won't be so bad if they are good. Do taste one quick and tell me if they're anything like yours or mother's!"

"Why, they're perfect, Harriet," said Aunt Nell, after she had bitten into one of the brown rings. "Grandma Bascom herself couldn't have made better ones!"

"Well, then, do take a lot home with you, and I'll give some to Aunt Jane and the Taylors. But all I ask is that you say nothing about this to the family. They'd never get over it, and the boys would tease me about it for the rest of the summer."

"No, we won't tell them, but I think your mother would appreciate the joke—and it's partly on her, too, for doubling the recipe in the first place and not saying anything about it to you. Anyway, you won't have to make any more doughnuts until she comes home. So put on your things and come for a little ride with me now, and when you come home you'll forget all about your hard day's work and you'll have the satisfaction of knowing that, whatever else fails, there will be plenty of doughnuts in the house." — *Gertrude Fisher Scott, in Zion's Herald.*

* * *

A CHILD IN DISTRESS

A little girl with her mates was playing about a street hydrant from which the cap had been removed. In the spirit of childish fun she thrust her hand into the opening. She was then unable to withdraw it. Her screams brought a policeman. All his pulling and tugging didn't free her hand. Other policemen came. A crowd gathered which overflowed the curb and

cked the street. A chemical engine with its men was called. th care they burned off that part of the hydrant which held child's hand.

William H. Matthews, director of the Family Welfare Detment of the New York Association for Improving the Conions of the Poor, takes this story as a text for a communication ich has been given considerable space in the New York newsoers. "No one thought of this as unusual," he says, "this hurng of a community's protective forces to rescue this little ld. The cry, the sight of the child in distress, was enough."

There are thousands of men in the city, he continues, honest, lustrious, who feel the responsibilities for providing for their ldren. In these families children are suffering, "suffering ause they are not sufficiently fed, not properly clothed." en he clinches the point:

"But we don't see them as the crowd saw the little child ught in the hydrant; they are hidden away in the tenements; ey do not cry out as did she. The out-of-work situation, hich means suffering and deprivation for these children, has en with us for well over a year. It is as bad—a little worse, me think—to-day as at any other time. How much are we ncerned about it? Must we actually *see* the suffering of ildren before we become greatly concerned, before we begin riously and with all the forces at our command to go to their scue?"—*The Survey.*

* * *

WHY?

When the English tongue we speak
Why is break not rhymed with freak?
Will you tell me why it's true
We say sew but likewise few,
And the maker of a verse
Can not cap his horse with worse?
Beard sounds not the same as heard;
Cord is different from word;
Cow is cow, but low is low;
Shoe is never rhymed with foe.
Think of hose and dose and lose,
And of goose and yet of choose.
Think of comb and tomb and bomb,
Doll and roll and home and some,
And since pay is rhymed with say,
Why not paid with said, I pray?
We have blood and food and good,
Mould is not pronounced like could.
Wherefore done and gone and lone?
Is there any reason known?
And, in short, it seems to me
Sound and letters disagree.

Exchange.

* * *

RALLYING ROUND OUR LANGUAGE

Not the least commendable of the numerous patriotic or emi-patriotic "pledges" that are popular nowadays is one that he Chicago Women's Club is said to have proposed. Here it is:

I love the United States of America; I love my country's ag; I love my country's language, I promise:

1. That I will not dishonor my country's speech by leaving ff the last syllable of words.

2. That I will say a good American "yes" and "no" intead of an Indian grunt, "um-hum" and "nup um," or a foreign ya" or "yeh" and "nope."

3. That I will improve American speech by enunciating listinctly and by speaking pleasantly and sincerely.

4. That I will try to make my country's language beautiful or the many boys and girls of foreign nations who come here to ive.

5. That I will learn to articulate correctly one word a day or one year.—*Youth's Companion.*

HIS DECORATION

The boy wanted help with his Latin. The half page of Caesar that he had to construe was unusually difficult, or so he thought, and he was eager to be free for important work at the gymnasium. It was just at the most critical time in his school life; and his father knew that his Latin was the very crux of the situation. But he had gone to his father for help, and his father could not disappoint him.

"Get your books and come to the study," said his father.

"Now," he continued when they were seated at the study table, "since this passage happens to be familiar to me, and since you are anxious to get away, I will translate it for you; and while you are at the gymnasium I will make you an interlinear, with the Latin words above and the English words underneath. And if if I find any difficult bit of construction I will make a note of it and the rule in your grammar that governs it, so that when you get back you will find it all ready here on the table."

"That'll be fine!" said the boy with shining eyes.

'But what is all this gymnasium business that you are so keen about?"

Oh, there was a coming meet between his school and another one in a neighboring town, and he was ambitious to win a place on the track team, and was training hard for it.

"Don't you find training rather hard work?"

"Yes, sir, it is pretty stiff."

"Then why not let me go down to the gym and do it for you?"

"But, dad, what good would that do me?"

"Well—it would be of precisely the same value to your body that my getting this Latin lesson will be to your mind. And if my work will serve in the one case, why not in the other?"

There was a moment of dead silence; then the boy said, "Dad, I'm going upstairs and try to dig this thing out for myself."

He gathered up his books and left the study, though with such a shadow on his face that more than once during the hour that followed the father had to use all his will power to keep from relenting.

But he "carried on," and by and by there walked into the study a very different boy from the one who had left it an hour before.

"Dad, you have taught me something, and I just had to come downstairs to tell you about it. You put me in a hole awhile ago, and I went upstairs feeling pretty blue; but I believe you have done a big thing for me, and I want to thank you for it."

"Did you ever wonder," that father asks, "how a soldier feels when, upon the field that he has helped to win, the Victoria Cross or the ribbon of the Legion is pinned upon his breast? I believe I know. I think he feels very much as I did when the boy that I had sent away empty-handed came back to me with hand outstretched, to say, 'Dad, I believe you have done a big thing for me, and I want to thank you for it.' It was my decoration, and in my heart I have worn it ever since. The boy is now a man, and wears, or has the right to wear, a decoration that he won in the Argonne; but I very much doubt if he is as proud of it as I am of mine."—*Youth's Companion.*

* * *

The depreciation of the European currency to-day is not yet equal to the slump in Confederate paper money after the Civil War. A Union general used to say that shortly after Lee's surrender he heard two Confederate soldiers bargaining over a very ordinary-looking horse.

"He'll do for my farm, Jim," said one. "I'll give you twenty thousand dollars for him."

"No," said the other.

"Give you fifty thousand dollars."

"No!"

"Give you one hundred thousand dollars."

"Not much!" replied the owner. "I just paid one hundred and twenty thousand dollars to have him shod."—*Youth's Companion.*

Some Worth-while Books

Any Book Published For Sale by the Universalist Publishing House

In the Days of Poor Richard. By Irving Bacheller. Illustrated. $2.00.

No romance can thrill us as does the history of our nation's birth, which is ever new and fascinating and makes us proud that we come of people who bravely endured for the right.

This is a tapestry of that time, with Washington, Franklin, John Adams, Arnold, Andre, Jack Irons, Solomon Binkus and many other figures in their true—or false—colors. Through it all runs the story of Jack Irons' love for Margaret Hare, the sweet English girl whom he rescued from terrible captivity when he was but a lad of seventeen and she a year younger—a love that conquered parental opposition and other difficulties, through all of which their firmest friend is Poor Richard.

The Country Beyond. By James Oliver Curwood. Illustrated. $2.00.

This is the story of Nada Hawkins, beaten and almost sold to a man worse even than her brutal foster-father, of Jolly Roger McKay, a criminal hunted by the law, but a real man; of Cassidy and Breault of the North Western Police; of Father John, a missioner; of Yellow Bird, and Slim Buck, and Sun Cloud, friendly Crees; and of Peter, an Airedale, who modestly stands last but is far from being the least important character.

It all happens in that wonderful country that Mr. Curwood has painted for us before, and it ends in full pardon for Jolly Roger and many blessings for him and Nada—little Sun Cloud sends "as many kisses as there are leaves on the trees."

Glimpses of the Moon. By Edith Wharton. $2.00.

Nicholas Lansing and Susy Branch, his wife, are socially secure but financially flat, wherefore they accept invitations to occupy their friends' houses while their friends disport themselves elsewhere. So it comes about that their first glimpse of the honeymoon is at an enchanting villa on Lake Como, when life stretches before them in blissful vistas.

Somehow the blissful vistas do not materialize as do temptations, which abound in these times when divorce is as simple and customary as exchanging a necktie bought yesterday for another better fitting to-day's mood. But Nick and Susy weather the storm, and their second glimpse is more beautiful than the first, for it means normal conditions and a firm basis for happiness.

The First Person Singular. By William Rose Benet. $2.00.

Tupton is a very conventional town—oh, very—and when Mrs. Adela Ventress, "from New York," takes the Battell place and settles down with her maid Marie for the summer, the inhabitants look at her askance. Mrs. Ventress, on her part, finds the town full of characters, from Miss Sophia Crome, who, in creaking poplin, sits on the extreme edge of a haircloth sofa and retails local history, to Dinah White, her laundress, who goes to "de Mefdis Pisk Chu'ch, dat's mah damnation," and calls her cat Jazzbal, Jazz for short!

Bessie Gedney, Dr. Gedney's young daughter, becomes her drawing pupil and friend, and this starts a rumor that she is Gertrude Gedney come back. That rumor is disproved, and two love stories come to a climax, and a missing author is found, and altogether Tupton has a diverting summer and plenty to talk about.

Robin. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. $2.00.

We left Robin and Donal at "the strangely enchanted dance" given by the Dowager Duchess of Darte, endeared to us all by her mothering of this beautiful child, whose own mother does not deserve the title.

Soon England enters the war. The Duchess at once engages in many activities and Robin is her right hand, but sometimes finds moments to be with Donal in the Square Gardens where they played as children, and their childlike love goes on.

By and by Donal is called to the front, and there comes a day when he is reported blown to atoms; and Robin turns from "a rose of a girl . . . into . . . a small waxen image." The Duchess, Lord Coombe and Dowie care for her, and she learns to love Lord Coombe as she formerly hated him. And Donal is not dead.

And Feather? On the eve of malicious mischief she is in an instant resolved into nothing.

The Return of Alfred. By the author of "Patricia Brent, Spinster." Picture jacket. $1.75.

Lieutenant Colonel Darrell Hildreth, D. S. O., M. C., M. M., will not listen to his bachelor uncle's plan for him to marry Vera Truscombe, thereby joining the two estates. He says she crinkles her nose when she laughs, which is to him "what the contemptible little army proved to the Germans—an insurmountable obstacle."

So we see him starting to face the world as plain James Smith. The railroad strike interrupts his journey, and at the inconvenient hour of ten p. m. he is unceremoniously dumped out, applies for lodging at the only house in sight, which proves to be Lady Warren's, and is greeted with tears of joy by the old butler and Mrs. Higgs, the old nurse, as "Mr. Alfred" come home!

A sparkling comedy it is, with delightful characters—the absent-minded vicar and his very present-minded sister, various villagers, worthy and unworthy, and pretty Marjorie Stannard, her young brother Eric, and her horse Nero. Even Sir Jo is reconciled to his nephew's choice, for always said that Vera Truscombe rod horse as if it were "a damned bicycle!"

Behind the Mirrors. By the author "The Mirrors of Washington." Ill trated. $2.50.

"The Mirrors of Washington" had so flaw in the glass, so that all the reflectic were unflattering. Now that we ha penetrated the region behind the mirr we find the same unflattering conditic persisting, not having broken the glass!

President Harding, Secretary Mell Lord Ridley, Arthur Balfour, Attorne General Daugherty, Representatives G lett and Mondell, Senators Watson, F linghuysen, New, Wadsworth, Cald Capper, and Gray Silver appear in c toons. The text is described by the pu lisher as "a cross-section of fundamen things as they are at Washington." certainly is cross!—and the work of a snip

White April. By Harold Vinal. $1.25.

It is always a pleasure to welcome a n poet. Mr. Vinal, the first of the Mas chusetts group to be included in t Yale Series of Younger Poets, is editor a poetry magazine, *Voices*, and a mu cian—an ideal combination, making temperament, color and also practi experience.

There are five groups—Golden W dows, Sonnets for Weeping, Of Marine White Glamour, and Overtones. We c pick but two flowers from this gard "Earth Lover:"

Old loveliness has such a way with me,
That I am close to tears when petals fal
And needs must hide my face against wall,
When autumn trees burn red with ecsta
For I am haunted by a hundred things
And more that I have seen in April days:
I have held stars above my head in prai
I have worn beauty as two costly rings.
Alas, how short a state does beauty keep,
Then let me clasp it wildly to my heart
And hurt myself until I am a part
Of all its rapture, then turn back to slee
Remembering through all the dusty ye
What sudden wonder brought me close tears.

And "Query:"

I am bound by twilight,
I am chained by snow,
I am held a captive
To the winds that blow.

But the careless people
Laugh as they go by,
Blind to all the wonder
Of the earth and sky.

Deaf to all the music
Falling over me;
Is it they are captive—
And that I am free?

Young People's Christian Union

THE DIRECTOR'S DATES

Aug. 29-Sept. 4. Murray Grove Institute.

Sept. 5. Vermont Y. P. C. U. Convention, Springfield.

Sept. 11-16. Mid-West S. S. and Y. P. C. U. Institute, St. Paul's Church, Chicago.

* *

WHY GO TO CHURCH?

On two Newbury Street churches not far from our Headquarters, there are notices announcing the suspension of services during the summer. On one of them there is literally scribbled on the bulletin board, "No services until Sept." On the other there is a formal notice in legal phrase giving the information to any one who cares to climb the steps and read closely that "This church will be closed until the first Sunday in October." I am pleased to say that neither of these is a Universalist church, although on at least some of our Greater Boston churches there is no sign of any kind, so that the passer-by would not know whether the church was open or closed.

Yesterday I went to church. If I had known that there was a Universalist church open within a few miles of my home, I would have gone there, for, being a Universalist, I can find more of help and inspiration in a Universalist service than anywhere else. There one finds home-cooking of a spiritual sort, and it agrees better with my habits of spiritual digestion. But no one had taken the trouble to inform me that there was a Universalist service I would have been delighted to attend, so I went to the First Christian Science Church in Boston.

I counted enough of the congregation to be sure that there were more than fifteen hundred people present. This is conservative. I think there must have been close to two thousand. The main floor was practically full; the first gallery, both back and sides, was comfortably filled; there was more than a sprinkling of people in the second gallery; the third gallery was the only part of the church that appeared deserted.

This was on the first Sunday in August. Doubtless some of the other Christian Science churches in the Boston district were closed, and a part of their congregations came to the First Church. Doubtless, also, there was a considerable number of out-of-town visitors, who, because they were Christian Scientists, or because they were not, attended this service.

But however augmented in these ways the congregation may have been, it is nevertheless true that these people went to church in mid-summer and appeared to enjoy it. They were not there from a sense of duty, for it was as attentive a congregation as I have ever seen—it had to be to follow the peregrinations of a Christian Science sermon.

Regular Meals

I am convinced that no denominational group has so thoroughly persuaded all its members of the value of taking its spiritual nourishment at regular and frequent intervals as have the Christian Scientists. Not only are they as faithful in their church attendance as are the Catholics, and I am inclined to believe more so, but they prepare themselves for the Sunday service by studying the lesson for the week, which means reading closely and meditating upon the sermon for the following Sunday every day during the preceding week. I am not sure what the reaction of a Universalist congregation would be, or that of a Unitarian or Congregational or Methodist, for that matter, if its members had read over carefully the minister's sermon during each of the six preceding days. In some cases I know that they would get more out of it; in others, I am sure they would have extracted all the nourishment with the first perusal.

But at any rate, the Christian Scientists take time to study their faith every day, and they take time to go to church on Sunday even in mid-summer. If any one were suffering from a superabundance of spiritual food, so that a spiritual fast would be advisable, the Christian Scientists would qualify. But they don't want a fast any more than most of us want a vacation from eating three meals a day.

I am not a Christian Scientist, although if it had not been for the Young People's Christian Union I should probably have become one, but I did attend their services for about two years, and when a lad in high school went without my lunches for two weeks that I might give the money to the building fund of the First Church in Chicago.

The Sins of the Fathers

Somehow there has come down to us from the days of our theological forebears a conviction that the chief business of the Universalist Church is to uphold and advocate a certain kind of theology. Even those of us who are most persuaded of the applicability of this theology to the solving of the problems of the day, economic and social as well as spiritual, feel about the same way. The business of the Church is to proclaim a socially saving gospel to an unsaved world. After we have been saved, and of course we who have always been Universalists are saved, we have no further need for the Church. We contribute our money because we love the Church and believe in it, and we want it to keep on preaching its gospel to the unsaved—but not to us, we would rather go to the shore or the mountains or stay at home and do nothing.

We are never going to have an effective Church until we get away from our forefathers' point of view and discover that the Church is not only an agency to teach the uninstructed and to save the unsaved, but it is also an institution for the spiritual nourishment of the saints, for reminding them of the lessons learned but half-forgotten, and for keeping these aforesaid saints from falling from grace in mid-summer, as well as at other times.

And one step in this direction will be the delegation of authority to some one, call him bishop or pope or superintendent or comrade or anything else, who can go to the churches and ministers of a district like this and say, in the spring, "For the glory of God and the advancement of human brotherhood, for the teaching of the gospel and the perfecting of the saints, you will announce to your congregations before vacation that summer services will be held in such and such churches; you will see that this fact is prominently displayed on the outside bulletin boards of your churches that the man-in-the-street may not think we are dead; and once in two or three years you will give up one Sunday of your vacation to conduct a service of this sort."

Personally I need to eat twice, and like to eat three times a day, and by the same token, I need to refresh my soul with spiritual food, home-cooked, once a week, as much in mid-summer as in mid-winter. (Churches down South please accept everything I have here said about summer vacations as applying with equal force to vacations in the winter.)

Stanley Menning,

Boston, Aug. 7.

* *

For the Quiet Hour

Be careful (or over anxious) for nothing, but in everything, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God; and the peace of God which passeth understanding shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus. Anxious about nothing; thankful for anything; prayerful in everything, peaceful in the whole man.

A. T. Pierson.

I have reached the conclusion that there is only one real vice, hatred, and only one virtue, love. Hate wishes to destroy. Love would create. Where hate comes in, life fails. Where love comes in, life is sane.

President Meiklejohn of Amherst.

The same occupation, whether it be work, prayer, or amusement, if constant, would make us stupid and gloomy. You can dig in the dirt until you become a brute, pray until the habit makes you a monk, and play until you become a mere puppet. Combine the three. Your work will be more fruitful, your religion more cheerful.

Bjornson.

The W. N. M. A.

Conducted by Miss Susan M. Andrews, 176 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

AROUND THE CLOCK AT NORTHFIELD

(Continued from last week)

The clock was striking "twelve" as last week's article drew to a close and we were about to leave the auditorium for lunch.

During the first part of the afternoon the program allowed for two hours of rest and recreation. This was a welcome breathing space. By four o'clock, however, there was apt to be something planned.

The reception for the missionaries on the lawn of Betsy Moody Cottage took place the first afternoon. Various labels—Africa, India, China, Japan, etc.—were fastened to different trees and the missionaries grouped themselves according to the country in which they were serving. The largest number stood beneath the "India" tree, there being sixteen missionaries representing that country at the conference.

Among their number stood Dr. Ida S. Scudder of Vellore, South India. To many of our young women present who had a part in making the bandages which the Clara Barton Guilds sent Dr. Scudder two years ago, it was a great joy to meet her and to hear more of the wonderful work which she is doing among the womanhood of India.

Another afternoon came the denominational rally which was reported in this column three weeks ago. At the same hour the day previous were held the denominational picnics, when our women and girls gathered in the pine woods adjoining Camp Murray. At this time Miss Kirk's annual letter to the Northfield delegates was read and greetings signed by each one present were sent to all of our missionaries in Japan.

Among the number Mrs. Ayres, Charlotte Ayres, Miss Hathaway, Miss Kirk and Matsu Koyama have attended a Northfield conference in former years.

Immediately following supper each day came the sunset meeting on Round Top—to many the most impressive service of the day. Sitting on a hillside overlooking the Connecticut River as it threads its way in and out among fields and meadows, with that glorious background of hills rising one upon the other in the distance, one can't help but come very close to her Creator.

Round Top is sacred ground at Northfield. No one will ever know the numbers of young people who, listening to some great leader while sitting here, have determined to give their lives to Christian service.

Only once was it necessary, on account of the rain, to hold this service in Sage Chapel. The last evening a representative from each camp told in her own words just what the week at Northfield had meant to her. Another time several student volunteers, young women who have pledged themselves for foreign missionary service, spoke, and almost every one referred to a former Northfield conference as the place where she received the inspiration for her life work.

Following Round Top came the evening meeting in the auditorium, when the missionaries, native as well as American, tell of the work in their stations. Such wonderfully inspiring messages as these men and women can give! The late Hamilton W. Mabie was right when he said; "The missionary movement is the greatest unifying power at work among men."

Sunday evening is always looked forward to by regular Northfield attendants. The Missionary Rally finds every missionary present on the platform and each one in turn tells her station, the number of years she has served and mentions one or two outstanding facts regarding her work. There were thirty-three missionaries present and their combined periods of service totaled 431 years.

(To be continued)

Sunday School Search Lights

The address of the General Sunday School Association of the Universalist Church is 176 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

NEW FACES AT CHICAGO

The faculty for our Mid-West Institute this year will include two new teachers, Dr. James W. Vallentyne, who, being well qualified, will discuss the use of the Bible in the Sunday school, and Mrs. Ottis E. Mercer, who, after rich experience in religious education, will take up various problems of the school, especially dwelling upon work in the elementary grades.

The dates are from Sept. 11 to Sept. 16. Application for rooms, which may be had at small cost, should be made at once to Miss Louisa McGraw, 6010 Dorchester Ave., Chicago.

* *

MORE INSTRUCTORS AT MURRAY GROVE

The faculty has been enlarged for the Murray Grove Institute this year and all plans are complete for a greatly increased attendance. There is yet time to apply for accommodations. The institute opens on August 29 and closes on September 4.

* *

THE CHICAGO INSTITUTE

Perhaps we should call it the Mid-West Institute, for, while it is held near Ryder and the denominational headquarters at St. Paul's, it is designed for the entire district. Schedules have been printed showing the subjects, instructors and hours.

Rev. Lucy Markley and other good pushers are working hard to secure a large attendance, and there is every prospect that they will succeed.

The dates are Sept. 12 to 16 inclusive.

* *

WATCH FOR THE HYMNAL

Mrs. Cushing and her counsellors have made excellent progress with the new Sunday School Hymnal and it is expected that the volume will be on sale early in the Church year. The manuscript, as shown at the Worcester Convention, revealed a good book, of moderate size and cost, and filled with hymns acceptable both for thought and for music.

THE GROWING LIBRARY

Your Loan Library catalogue is not complete. We try to keep the Library up to date and are constantly adding books that promise to be helpful to our workers. Last year we bought nearly a hundred volumes.

Ask for any book that you desire and if it is valuable for religious educators the probability is that we can supply it.

* *

WELCOME, LOYAL LADIES!

There are three good reasons why we expect this to be a year of progress for the Universalist Sunday schools. One is Miss Randall, of Massachusetts, another is Miss Cheney of Ohio, and a third is Miss Ellis of Pennsylvania. These women of experience, power and consecration, entering the service of the State Associations will, in their respective fields, give a mighty impulse to our movement. And in the progress of a part, we all will share.

* *

GOOD NEWS FROM CALIFORNIA

Every one of the schools in California is prospering. We have reported some of the activities in Los Angeles and Pasadena. Here is an item from Santa Paula:

'Sunday school growing—beautiful Cradle Roll—curtains to separate classes—all well."

* *

COMRADES OF THE QUIET HOUR

In preparing a Sunday school lesson we often feel it would be such a help if we could read the Scripture which precedes and follows the lesson passage—if only there were time. By keeping a Quiet Hour every day there will be time for this reading, and we shall all be repaid by greater understanding of the lesson when we meet our class.

Schools which are seeking to improve the quality of the teaching are making an effort to enroll every teacher as a Comrade of the Quiet Hour. What is *your* school doing?

Beulah S. Cone.

Among Our Churches

Church News and Interests

DENOMINATIONAL CALENDAR

July 15-Sept. 5. Universalist Summer Gatherings, Murray Grove, N. J.

Aug. 13-27. Vacation period at Ferry Beach.

Aug. 17. Annual Meeting, Murray Grove.

Aug. 18. Fair, Murray Grove.

Aug. 18, 19, 20. Universalist Institute and Reunion with Field Day, Plymouth, Mass.

Aug. 22-26. W. N. M. A. Institute, Murray Grove.

Aug. 29-Sept. 4. G. S. S. A., Y. P. C. U. Institutes, Murray Grove.

Aug. 31-Sept. 3. Lower Wabash Association at Little Hickory, Ohio.

Sept. 1. Rockingham Association, Dover, N. H.

Sept. 4-7. Vermont and Province of Quebec Convention, Springfield, Vt.

Sept. 5. Annual Convention Women's Missionary Association of Vermont and Quebec, Springfield, Vt.

Sept. 21-24. North Carolina Convention, Outlaw's Bridge.

Sept. 26-28. New Hampshire Convention, Concord.

Sept. 27-28. New Hampshire State Convention, Concord.

Oct. 9-11. Illinois Convention.

Oct. 11, 12. Minnesota State Convention, Rochester.

Oct. 19-22. Kentucky Convention.

Conventions and other organizations desiring to be listed in this Calendar should send dates of special events to Rev. Roger F. Etz, Secretary, 176 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

CHURCH MEMBERS REPORTED IN 1922

Previously reported	1,681
Bryan, Ohio	7
Lyons, Ohio	6
Total	1,694

CHRISTENINGS

Previously reported, 721. Portsmouth, N. H., 11. Jacksonville, Vt., 6. Hartland Four Corners, Vt., 3. East Corinth, Vt., 2. North Hatley, P. Q., 1. Total, 744.

PERSONAL

Mrs. James Harry Holden, formerly of the Roxbury, Mass., church, is now engaged with the Falmouth Nursing Association, Falmouth, Mass. This institution employs a physician and two nurses regularly and is a model of municipal efficiency.

Rev. Thomas Chapman has resigned his position as Superintendent of Churches in Kentucky to accept a pastorate in Ohio. For a long time Mr. Chapman has been in serious ill health, but although he is no longer able to cover the large field of superintendency, he is going on with remarkable courage. In his home city he commands the respect of the whole community, having held the presidency and secretaryship of the ministers' association.

New Hampshire

Portsmouth.—Rev. Alfred J. Cardall, pastor. Under the leadership of Mr. Cardall, who began his pastorate here in April, this parish has taken on new life. Called the "Church of the Open Door," this church is open every day of the week that any who wish may enter for rest, meditation and prayer. Sunday services are well attended, and in the Sunday school a splendid interest is manifest. A Junior Union has been organized. On Children's Day eleven children were christened. On July 27 the annual picnic was held on the banks of the Sagamore, ninety-seven sitting down to a bountiful dinner served by the Ladies' Social Circle. Recently the men of the parish gave a lawn party on the church grounds, which was well attended. The church will be closed for the month of August during the pastor's vacation.

Ontario

Olinda.—Rev. George H. Campbell, pastor. This church, located in the center of a thickly populated garden country, has been growing steadily. The pastor and his wife are occupying the new parish house. Our summer record for attendance is forty-two at Sunday school, and twenty-three at Y. P. C. U. The Young People sent two delegates to the Worcester Convention, and have also purchased a new piano and over $100 worth of silverware for the church. We have an active Mission Circle with a membership of thirty-four. This organization has furnished the parsonage with new mission furniture. A wireless is being installed in the parish house. A Ford touring car has been purchased for Mr. and Mrs. Campbell. Plans are under way to start a mission in the Border Cities under the leadership of this church. Rev. Edward M. Minor of Hutsonville, Ill., a former pastor, recently visited us.

Pennsylvania

Scranton.—Rev. William H. McGlauflin, D. D., pastor. Congregations this summer have been larger than any previous summer of the present pastorate. On July 2, the pastor preached on "What's the Matter in America?" Representatives from most of the central city congregations were in attendance, and generous abstracts of the sermon appeared in the city papers and also in the *Pennsylvania Manufacturers' Journal*. On July 9, the occasion of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the Fleetville church, the congregation enjoyed its sixth annual mission outing, sixteen automobiles carrying the delegates from this church to the celebration. On the final service before vacation, four speakers, who had attended the state convention at Philadelphia, told of the "best things seen, heard, and done" in relation to the Sunday schools, the Y. P. C. U., the W. U. M. S., and the churches as a whole, and Mrs. McGlauflin brought suggestions from her recent experiences in Ohio and Massachusetts. Through the generosity of Mrs. Alice B. Nicol, the church is to be equipped with a splendid dissolving view stereopticon. Dr. and Mrs. McGlauflin are taking a motor trip to Washington, D. C., Richmond, Va., and Winston and Salem, N. C., and will return via Murray Grove.

Fleetville.—On Sunday, July 9, the seventy-fifth anniversary of the dedication of this church was observed. The weather was perfect, and at 11 o'clock the auditorium was filled with a joyous congregation. Rev. William H. McGlauflin, D. D., of Scranton, delivered the sermon, taking as his subject, "New Motives from Old Memories." The offering of over $23 will be used to assist in repairing the church. A picnic luncheon followed the service of worship, when over a hundred people assembled at the tables which had been set up under the maples. Singing was led by Mr. D. S. Beemer, and then came a program of short addresses. Dr. McGlauflin, who presided, introduced Mrs. Esther DePue of Scranton, nearly 81 years old, who gave her memories of the days gone by, and told of attending the service of dedication three-fourths of a century ago. Mr. Charles S. Seamans and Prof. J. C. Taylor, both of Scranton, told of their experiences in the church and Sunday school a half a century ago and urged that the church be put in good repair and if possible a minister be secured to continue the work. Other speakers were Hon. Alfred Hobbs of La Plume, Clarence J. Sweet of Fleetville, and N. E. Overfield of Pittston. Dr. McGlauflin made an appeal for subscriptions to a fund for renovating the church building, and about $150 was promptly pledged. Later, by additional pledges, this amount was doubled. A "committee on repairs" was appointed, and it is expected that the edifice will be put in good condition in the near future. Dr. McGlauflin, as "district superintendent of churches" in the region about Scranton, is co-operating in this undertaking.

Vermont

Hartland Four Corners.—Rev. Allan Carr, pastor. The Sunday school held its annual picnic at the home of Miss Nancy Darling at Sky Farm. It was a great success. The all-day meeting of the Murray Lectureship in this church was greatly appreciated by all present. Sunday, July

23, Children's Sunday was observed with a concert under the direction of Mrs. Charles Hemenway, superintendent of the Sunday school. At this service three children were christened by Rev. S. G. Spear. Plans are being made for the annual pilgrimage to this church to be held Sunday, Aug. 20.

Jacksonville.—A service was conducted here by Rev. Clifford R. Stetson, at which six children were christened. It was the first christening service ever held in this town, and there were 150 people present in contrast to the usual twenty-five.

* *

Notices

VERMONT AND QUEBEC UNIVERSALIST CONVENTIONS

The annual sessions of the Vermont and Quebec Convention and of its auxiliary associations will be held in Springfield, Vt., Sept. 4-7.

Invitation

The Universalist Society of Springfield extends a cordial invitation to the Universalists of Vermont and the Province of Quebec to attend the Annual Conventions from Sept. 4-7. Delegates and friends will be entertained in Springfield homes for lodgings and breakfasts. Dinners and suppers will be served by ladies of the Society at the usual prices. To secure advance accommodations, send name, date and time of arrival to Rev. George H. Welch, Springfield, Vt.

George H. Welch, Pastor.
George A. Perry, Chairman.

Y. P. C. U. Convention

Monday, Sept. 4, 2 p m. Song service. 2.30. Call to order, President E. B. Smith presiding. Address of welcome. President's response and annual address. Appointment of sessional committees. 3.45. Institutes. 6. Annual Banquet. (75 cents a plate.) 7.30. Song service. 7.45. Business session. Reports. 8.30. Keynote address, Rev. George H. Welch, Springfield, Vt.

Tuesday, Sept. 6, 5 a. m. Sunrise service. Leader, Clifford Hunting, Huntingville, P. Q. 8.15. Song service. 10. Address, Rev. Stanley Manning. Unfinished business. Election of officers. 11. Adjournment. Picnic dinner.

Vermont and Quebec W. U. M. A.

Tuesday, 2 p. m. Opening service. Call to order. Appointment of sessional committees. Reports of officers. Reports of departmental chairmen. President's annual address, Mrs. George F. Fortier, Morrisville. Address, Miss Susan M. Andrews, representing the W. N. M. A. Business. Reports of sessional committees. Election of officers. Adjournment.

Vermont and Quebec Convention

Tuesday, 7 p. m. General mass meeting. Addresses of welcome. Response and annual address, George C. Felch, St. Johnsbury. Appointment of sessional committees. Address, Miss Susan M. Andrews. Address, Rev. John Smith Lowe, D. D. Offering for the work of the Women's Missionary Association.

Wednesday, Sept. 6, 8.30 a. m. Business. Reports of Convention officers and committees. 10.30. Denominational interests as represented. 11. Occasional sermon, Rev. E. P. Wood, Brattleboro. Annual Communion service of the Convention Church, Rev. George F. Fortier, pastor of Convention Church, at the table, the deacons of the Springfield Church and of the Convention Church in service. 2 p. m. Continuation of Business Session. Reports of sessional committees. Election of officers. 3 p. m. Special appointment. Address, Rev. H. Sumner Mitchell, Burlington, Vt., representing the Unitarian Church in Vermont. 7. Mass meeting. Devotional service, Rev. W. H. Skeels, Barre, Vt. Address, Rev. George D. Walker, D. D., Carthage, N. Y., superintendent of New York churches. Address, Rev. George E. Huntley, D. D. Annual offering.

Vermont and Quebec Sunday School Association

8.30 a m. Call to order. Vice-president, Mrs. Leon I. Leader, presiding. Business. Institute in charge of Dr. Huntley. Election of officers. Adjournment.

* *

LOWER WABASH ASSOCIATION

The Lower Wabash Association will meet August 31 to Sept. 3 at Little Hickory, Ohio. At the Thursday evening service, Rev. M. M. Hicks will preach on the subject, "Judgment." The speakers for Friday include Rev. Armon Cheek on "Carrying On," Mrs. E. M. Minor on "How Can We Increase the Efficiency of the Sunday School," Miss Ollie Lindlay on "Mission Circle in the Church and Its Value," and Rev. C. Conner on "Light on the New Era." On Saturday, Mr. Cheek and Mr. Minor will again be the speakers, and on Sunday Mr. Hicks will preach at the morning service of worship, and Mr. Cheek at the evening service.

* *

OFFICIAL CALL

The twenty-seventh Annual Convention of the Women's Missionary Association of Vermont and the Province of Quebec will be held in the Universalist Church at Springfield, Vt., Sept. 5, 1922, at 2 p. m. All local Circle presidents and all departmental chairmen are expected to be prepared with full reports. Miss Susan M. Andrews of Boston, representing the Women's National Missionary Association, will give an address.

Martha A. Jenness, Secretary.

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THE BETHANY UNION FOR YOUNG WOMEN

A Universalist Institution

14 Worcester St., Boston, Mass.

The managers of the Bethany Union for Young Women desire to call attention to this organization, which offers the advantages of a comfortable, quiet and agreeable home at a low cost for those young women with only moderate means of support who come to this city for work or study. It is located at 14 Worcester St., Boston, and is within easy access of the elevated trains and surface cars to all parts of the city. The price of rooms with board, including light and heat, is $4.50 and $5.50 per week, for permanent guests.

During the summer months there are accommodations for women unattended who may wish to visit Boston for a few days at a time. For such transients the price is $1.25 a day.

For further information please address the Superintendent, Miss Ruth E. Hersey, 14 Worcester St., Boston.

For the Board of Managers.
FRANK A. DEWICK, *President.*
JOSEPH B. HORTON, *Clerk.*

Coming to New England?
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